How hard the mighty fall

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How hard the mighty fall

by Silvaxus

Summary

20. Sex Work / **Masturbation** / Role Play

A case in Hawaii forced Will and Hannibal to seperate but that doesn’t stop them from being together.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

When one's phone started to make noise on a Sunday morning at 8 o'clock, the one calling should meet a rather painful and humiliating end in Hannibal's mind. However, when he saw the caller ID and the name *Will Graham* flashed on the screen, Hannibal reached for his phone.

"Good morning, Will."

Hannibal heard Will's happy sigh on the other side.

"More like good night, Hannibal. Hawaii is six hours behind Baltimore."

Frowning that Will was still up at such an hour, Hannibal went back to preparing his coffee.

"Can't sleep because of nightmares or because the case is keeping you out of bed?"

The sound of running water from the other side.

"Both. Jack is restless as ever to catch this killer and he's pissed because I'm not giving him what he wants. This killer reminds me, and everyone else, of the Ripper which puts everyone on edge."

Hearing Will's amusement, Hannibal couldn't keep a chuckle to himself.

"I can imagine that Uncle Jack doesn't take the similarities between this killer and the Ripper lighty. Is he already calling for a witch hunt?"

An unspoken rule was that they never talked too much about the Ripper on the phone. The Ripper was their secret, their shared thrill, and they wouldn't risk this with something so mundane as a phone call while others could eavesdrop.

"Not yet, but soon, and he's pissed that I'm not jumping anymore at his very command. I wouldn't be surprised should he actually try to take a swing at me."

Will laughed openly at this and even Hannibal felt a certain kind of amusement.

"It would be highly unprofessional of Jack to do so."

"You mean as unprofessional as you fucking one of your patients, Doctor Lecter?"

Hannibal almost dropped his coffee mug at Will's sultry tone and words.

"You were never one of my patients, Will, and so there is no ethical problem with me...fucking you as you put it rather unconventionally."

Will's amused huff reminded Hannibal of the great beast lurking behind dark blue eyes.

“It’s what you do, Doctor Lecter, fucking me, bending me over any available surface when you feel the need to own me or teach me a lesson...or just because you feel the need to hear me moan when you shove your cock into me. You love it when I make any kind of sounds because of the things you do to me. Be it pleasure or pain and sometimes I’m not sure if me hearing is getting you off harder than pounding me into our bed.”

Licking his lips, Hannibal felt his body react to Will’s words and he got so hard that he had to sit down for a moment. Hannibal’s knuckles turned white where he was holding onto the kitchen counter.

“It depends on the situation, Will. Sometimes the sounds you make are...exquisite like a good Chardonnay and sometimes you are the most vulgar beast one can find in the worst kennels.”

Will hummed and Hannibal asked himself what Will had in mind for him at the moment.

“You make me sound like a rabid dog.”

No heat or judgement in Will’s words but there was...something.

“You can be, Will, just like you can be the most cunning beast out in the night. Enjoying the chase and the hunt...until you can take a bite out of your prey.”

Now Will growled but he sounded pleased.

“If I would ever want to take a bite out of you, would you let me, Doctor Lecter?”

“Whenever you want, Will, you don’t even have to ask.”

Will’s moan was the only answer Hannibal got at the moment and he felt his already hard cock twitch at the sound and felt the sudden urge to push his pyjama pants down to his knees and take his cock into his hand to get himself off.

“Do it,” Will all but whispered.
“Do it, Hannibal, pleasure yourself in your kitchen, pants down, cock in your hand, while you get yourself off thinking about my teeth at your jugular. I would rub myself against your thigh while watching you getting yourself off. Maybe I would take your balls into my hand and feel their weight between my fingers…”

There would be a time for retribution but Hannibal did as Will told him. He pushed his pyjama pants down to his knees, coffee forgotten at the moment, and closed his right hand around his cock while he held onto his phone with his left.

His fingers were warmer than usual because he held onto his coffee mug while listening to Will and it reminded Hannibal of his lover’s grip on his most sensitive parts.

“So good for me, Hannibal…”

There it was again, this rough and sultry whisper from Will.

“I can’t wait to be back at home. I sleep so much better with you by my side because whenever a nightmare forces me to wake up I can just turn to you to make me forget about it, Hannibal.”

Hannibal stroked himself with the music of Will’s voice filling his whole being. He couldn’t remember when he actually used his own hand to get himself off but with Will whispering in his ear it was...easy and just what he needed at the moment.

His orgasm was rising fast and Hannibal concentrated only on the rising pleasure within his own body while Will’s whispers of pleasure turned into background noises.

A last twist of his wrist, and the feeling of the soft skin of his cock dragging on the scars on his wrists, was the last flicker of the flame Hannibal needed to turn a fire into an inferno.

He came with a broken sound and his release left streaks of white on the cupboard in front of him and the tiles under him. Normally Hannibal would prefer his own bedroom for such activities, and not his kitchen, but it was were Will had told him to do exactly that...get himself off.

“Hannibal?”

Hannibal allowed himself a sip from his coffee before he answered and he didn’t even notice the cum stains his fingers left on his mug.

“Yes, my love?”

“When I’m back...take me somewhere else where we can be on our own. I know you are planning your retribution already for this phone call.”

Will sounded happy and sleepy and Hannibal cleaned his kitchen up after they bid their goodbyes. He had all the time in the world to find the perfect place for them when Will was back.

End Notes

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